All Will Needs Is Daddy [On Hiatus]

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/22940881.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Non-Sexual Age Play, Age Play, Caregiver, mention of extreme violence, Little Will Graham, Trauma, caregiver hannibal, season 1 AU, Codependency, Negotiated Age Play, Daddy Hannibal, Mental Breakdown, Mental Instability, Out of Character, Not Beta Read, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Eventual Smut, Daddy Dom Hannibal, Fluff, Will is a bratty boy, Daddy Kink, Diapers, Hannibal is the friendly cannibal from your neighbourhood, Little Space, Don’t copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Season 1 AUs, Part 1 of Little Play
Stats:	Published: 2020-02-28 Updated: 2021-03-02 Words: 11,825 Chapters: 6/?

All Will Needs Is Daddy [On Hiatus]

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal and Will have settled in a relationship.They explore age play together to help Will cope with the mental aftermath of the crime scene reconstruction and his trauma. When Will has returned from a crime scene, Will struggles with the aftermath of a particular barbaric massacre and has a breakdown. Hannibal takes care of him when he comes home. Some scenes with Will being in Little Space.

Irregular updates

Notes

Warning!

This is different from canon. Will is depicted here as deeply traumatized and more fragile, less resilient than he is in canon.Of course, Hannibal is out of character here, too. There is also mention of blood and gore and dismemberment.

Plus, DDLB is not for everyone! I will not exclude NSFW but it depends on my ideas.

_____-

I have a writer's block on my multi-chapter stories and kind of lost my confidence, the motivation and the ideas to continue them. The spark, which always accompanied me, is gone. Sorry to keep you waiting. One day I will be back, when it returns. When that happens, I can't tell you. Maybe in a few months or in a few years. Who knows? Thanks for reading, liking and commenting, though 💕 It means the world to me.

Sorry for letting you down, but that's the way it is right now.

I've learned not to start any WIPs on AO3 anymore.

Please stay healthy and safe.

Love you,

APastandFutureNerd

- Inspired by Little Space Will by Lazarys

Chapter 1

Will sat in the corner of his room and buried his face into his knees pulled up to him. Outside, a fierce and cruel winter storm raged and whirled up snowflakes. The windows rattled, doors creaked and fell shut. At some point, he should have gotten up and checked if everything was safely stored and secured; if the windows and balcony door were locked, and his dogs were safe but he didn't bother. Will wasn't able to do it. He wanted to be Little again and forget everything that had happened today. The most brutal series of murders he had to reconstruct on a crime scene ever. Never before had he been so shaken and terrified. Some young teenagers had been lured in by a stranger, abducted then butchered and dismembered alive before being displayed in a wooden cabin. It was like a bad horror movie. The dismembered body parts had been put on a pole. The killer had made skewers out of them. Their mouths had been stuffed with their heart or other organs.

He didn't call Hannibal when he had been brought there by Jack. Now he knew it had been a huge mistake not to notify him.

During the analysis at the crime scene, he had thought about messaging Hannibal but he didn't want to make his Daddy angry by interrupting him in his work and so he decided to finish it and leave in a state of shock despite Jack's concern. He was waiting anxiously now. The howling of the storm was menacing and Will was scared something had happened to Hannibal. Daddy was never late in the evening. Now there was the stupid storm. He was so afraid. His heart pounded fast.

Will rested on the floor, waiting for him to come home. Buster and Winston had walked up the stairs and now stayed with him, nuzzling in his lap and licking his nose in comfort. For some reason, this was not as comforting as it always was even though Winston and Buster gave their best in cheering him up. The black, heavy blanket of panic and sadness crushed him. Will sobbed and shook, even though he didn't want to anymore.

A door downstairs opened and fell shut again. Keys were placed somewhere on a shelf. Footsteps resounded through the house. Shoes were placed down. There was rustling and a soft thud as if something was placed down on the floor. Probably the groceries.

"Will", Hannibal called from downstairs, looking for him.

No answer. Will wrapped his arms around his body, unable to pull himself out of the horrible memories and tell Hannibal where he was.

"Will, are you upstairs?"

Will still didn't answer, being so sad and scared as the pictures of today whirled through his mind once more. His breathing was very flat and fast. There was the noise of the saw. He pressed his hands against his ears. "Stop", he whined as he heard the woman screaming while her arm was being sawed off.."Make it stop, please."

When Hannibal finally stepped into Will's Little Space room, he noticed Will crouching in the corner, surrounded by his dogs, in distress, shaking and sobbing heavily. Recognizing Will's need for regression into Little Space, Hannibal immediately hunkered to his knees and approached him slowly. The dogs made space for him. They wanted to nuzzle him but Hannibal had only eyes for his Little, so they retreated and sat down on the little pillows.

"Darling", Hannibal purred. "Daddy is here." He reached out and stroked Will's tensed back with tender, circular movements to calm and ground him.

He knew in almost an instant what was wrong with him. It was a new murder crushing his beloved Will's mind. Jack kept on abusing Will's imagination after all. His love never said no when Jack made his call in the middle of the day, night or morning.

Hannibal despised the situation, the nightmares, Will's internal battle with his conscience and suffering but that talk would better be held on another occasion. He had to take care of Will and show how much he loved him. Hannibal sat down next to his Little, paused in stroking his back, and pulled him closer with his arm.

"Whatever happened to you today, darling, you can tell Daddy all about it", Hannibal told him in his smooth, comforting voice"If you want to talk..we can talk. If not, it's fine, too and I'm going to make dinner for us both."

Still trembling, Will gave him a curt nod but remained silent for a little while. He cried until he couldn't anymore. Hannibal stayed perched next to him until his tears were cried and his trembling subsided the longer Hannibal sat beside him. In this state, he didn't want to force Will to do anything even though a distraction would have been better. He just didn't have the heart to do it. Instead, he opted for attempting their grounding technique.

"I just want you to breathe...take deep breaths with me. Can you do that for me?"

Looking up from his knees, Will nodded and Hannibal led Will's arms to his belly where he could feel his breathing which was slow and soothing.

"One…two..", Hannibal inhaled. "Three..four."

Slowly, very slowly, Will's twitching came to an end as he imitated Hannibal's deep breathing.

"Feel your hand resting on my tummy, Will. Feel how it raises and falls."

Will bobbed his head again.

"Smell the air. What do you sense?"

Doing as he was told, Will wrinkled his nose. His face burned hot in embarrassment as he identified it. Hannibal's nostrils flared at the pungent smell, too and cursed himself for his choosing something else.

From the corners of his eyes, he got a glimpse down to the wooden flooring and noticed the pool of urine beneath Will, tainting his own slacks. Will had wetted himself despite not

wearing diapers and being adult again. He must have switched into his Little Space just when he had returned home. Noticing Hannibal's concerned stare, Will hid his face away from him again.

"It's fine, honey", Hannibal tried to lure him out again. "I'm not mad at you. It's fine."

Will then buried himself into his Daddy's arms, seeking protection, comfort, and love. Hannibal pulled Will tighter and rocked him in his arms.

"You were on a crime scene today ?" Hannibal asked, watching Wil attentively. He knew the answer already when entering but he wanted Will to talk, open up and not retreat into the terrible memory again.

Will nodded once more.

For a moment he burst out of his little space and faced him through the veil of his tears. After disentangling from the embrace, be leaned back against the wall.

"Yeah...the victims of the Butcher. We found them. The murders...they were horrible. I saw myself dismembering the victims with a chainsaw."

Exhausted from the emotional torture, he sank back on Hannibal's chest. Hannibal sighed and cradled him further, pressing him tightly to him to make Will feel and hear his steady heartbeat which would always soothe him. His biggest secret wish was for Will to finally stop working as a field agent and find a new job or go back to teaching. He wanted to ask Will why he didn't call him but it would have made him feel worse and Hannibal wanted to avoid that at all costs.

"I'm so sorry…", Hannibal told him instead.

Returning into Little Space, Will pressed his face against his chest and clutched his brown-red shirt.

"Can I do anything to help my little darling?" Hannibal asked, petting his curls with his other hand and holding him to his chest. "A bath perhaps? Dinner?"

"Yes. I want a bath...Sorry...I…made wee-wee...I am stinky...."

Will flung a careful look at his Daddy, his lips trembling. He was still ashamed he had just let go of his bladder without changing first. "I just wanted to be a big boy and show you what I can do."

He burst into tears again and snuggled up to Hannibal's chest once more. Hannibal kissed his curls and swayed him gently just like before.

"Will, it is nothing you have to be ashamed of", he cooed him. "I am proud of you. You were strong today."

Will's widened blue eyes shot up at him.

”Really?”

Hannibal smiled at him. “Yes, really.”

“Do you want Daddy to clean you up and make a nice dinner for you? Afterward, we can watch your favorite movie together.”

Will withdrew his head from the warmth of Hannibal’s chest and glanced back at his caretaker. He gave him another nod. Another blush as Will was timid all of a sudden. He sucked on his thumb and bit on his nail.

"What would you like for dinner, Will?"Hannibal asked with a faint, knowing smile on his lips.

“Can I have some..chicky nuggets with fries?”

”Please?” Will batted his eyelashes at him while purring these words.

Hearing Will’s request, Hannibal had to suppress a pained sigh. This food was atrocious and a waste of ingredients in his opinion. But tonight he didn’t want to deny Will anything and his boy was good at manipulating him anyway.

“Yes...but under one condition. I’m going to make them myself. Is that all right for my darling boy?”

He waited for him to throw a tantrum but there was none. Will was not in the mood for fighting luckily and Hannibal was grateful. Instead, he licked his lips. “Yes... that’s okay, Daddy. Your food is always soo good.”

Hannibal reached out his arms to him and Will let himself be hauled up by his Daddy. Together they made way into the bathroom, shutting out the big cruel world around them.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will gets his bath but he decides he doesn't want to be alone in the tub.

Chapter Notes

I didn't want to write a second chapter but here it is.
It was fun writing it! Maybe there will be more.

Helping Will getting out of his dirty and wet adult pants, Hannibal observed his Little was zoning out once more. Will didn't react when he asked which pajama he should bring him - the black one with Baby Yoda on the front or the red one with the Marvel characters Iron Man and Captain America on it. His Little stared into empty space behind. His bluish-green eyes were unfocused. Every limb of his body was uncomfortably rigid like a soldier waiting in front of his sergeant for orders or a scold.

Hannibal frowned and had to suppress tears. Seeing him in a state like this every time he returned from a nasty case stirred something in him. He had not been affected by other people suffering since Mischa died.He watched Will's mental detachment and hypervigilance with worry in his maroon eyes. He scolded himself for the lack of effort, for his bad therapy. Instead of waiting in the room next to him, he should have made more efforts with his grounding techniques earlier and immediately escorted him to the bathroom. But Hannibal was tired, too. The day had drained him of his energy as Franklyn and another patient suffering from paranoia had challenged his skills a lot.

This would not do. He must not fail now at this point and bring Will back into the comforting headspace that saved him and brought relief. They would deal with the horrific murder in another session when Will returned into adult mode for work.

"Will!"

He grabbed Will's arm and shook him gently, making his Little wince and lash out inadvertently at Hannibal, hitting his face instinctively with the back of his hand.

"S-sorry", Will whined, noticing Hannibal's pained grimace. His eyes widened when he realized what he had done to his Daddy. His lips were trembling again.

“Don’t feel sorry but please stay with me”, Hannibal urged him. He held his hands tightly and put pressure on them, trying to ground Will in this way. “Don’t go back to this nasty, dark place.”

”I want you to think of your favorite movie. The one with the pets ravaging the house of the owner when he’s not there.”

”Yes. That was so funny!”

Will smiled at him. A faint sparkle appeared in Will’s eyes as he remembered the movie. But he was still stiff.

Feeling his knees aching in protest by kneeling on the floor for too long, Hannibal straightened and let go of Will’s hands for a moment. He opened the drawer of the white armoire behind him and fetched the purple squeezable Nuby Octopus Bath Toss toy. He also fetched his favorite miniature boat. Will loved toying with the boat and the octopus so much when he was back in Little Space. He pressed the octopus into his hand. The boat he placed on the edge of the tub. Will immediately toyed with it, his eyes glowing up once more.

A loving smile lay on his lips as he watched Will crushing it until the toy started squeaking like a rubber duck. He cupped Will’s pale face into his hands, then planted a firm kiss on his temple before heading to the bathtub to ensure he could take the bath almost immediately.

Hannibal walked over to the large square tub and opened the golden faucet. Letting the water pour into the tub, he turned to another drawer and retrieved a box with two large glittering bath bombs in it. The first one was of pink color, adorned with silver and gold glitter, including a cute pig figurine as a surprise toy. The bath bomb smelled of strawberry and vanilla. The second bath bomb was bluish-green, had a scent of lavender and citrus to it. A little blue whale was attached on top. When the bath bombs dissolved, so he had been told by the salesman, the toys would come loose, which could be dangerous if a toddler swallowed it. But Hannibal assumed this was not a problem for Will.

After opening the box and retrieving the two bath bombs, he turned around to face his Little who was embracing him from behind, searching physical contact. Instinctively, Will pulled back for a moment, eying the items in his hands with curiosity. Hannibal smiled as he saw the sparkle in his wonderful ocean eyes.

“Which one would you like to have, darling?” “

Hannibal held them out to him in his hands.

Will immediately pointed to the blue one with the whale attached to it.

“This one, Daddy. Blue is my favorite color.”

Hannibal sifted his hands through his curls. “Good choice.”

The tub being filled with enough water, he shut the faucet. He let the bath bomb drop into the water where it immediately started dissolving and sizzling as the components connected with

the water. Soon, bluish-green foam and glitter covered the surface. A fresh, calming scent of citrus and lavender permeated the air in the bathroom.

Will's eyes beamed. His whole body posture changed at the sight of the foam unfolding in the water. Hannibal was glad. His shoulders relaxed, the jaw was not clenched anymore.

"Look! So beautiful!"

Hannibal chuckled, happy to see Will taking pleasure in the blue-greenish glittering foam in the water. He remembered he needed to get a fresh pair of boxers and his pajama.

"I will be back in a minute as I need to bring you fresh clothes. Wait here I don't want you to drown."

Will rolled his eyes but obeyed. He had to obey his Daddy after all or there would be trouble. Shortly after, Hannibal returned with his pajama and favorite boxers.He placed them on the toilet lid.

Now everything was ready.

But Will was still lingering outside, peeking back at Hannibal with a questioning look.

"The water is getting cold if you wait too long, darling."

Hannibal nudged him to the little steps you would need to climb to enter the basin.

His Little blinked in confusíon and now gazed up at him from head to toe, reluctant to step into the water without his Daddy. He pulled his pink rosy lips into a pout when seeing he was still fully clothed.

"But Daddy.. why don't you come, too?"

"Because Daddy has to prepare dinner. If I join you now, there won't be any food."

This was only the half-truth. Hannibal was already half-aroused at the sight of Will's splendid nude body and he deemed it not appropriate right now- Hannibal didn't know if Will would be comfortable with having sex in Little Space as they just started their relationship and the age play only a few weeks ago. So he had to retreat and deny him although he wanted to be close to Will, too. They would have to discuss this another day when Will was able to think clearly.

"And you don't want to wait for too long for your dinner, don't you?"

Considering his words, Will stopped pouting and moved his head curtly to signal he understood his Daddy while sucking his thumb again.

He relented and let Hannibal help him climb up the stairs. Will then jumped into the tub with a loud splash and swam through the tub. In the process, he also splashed a little water and foam at Hannibal who got wet of course.

A mischievous grin appeared on his face for the first time this evening. And probably today. Will rarely smiled when coming home from crime scenes.

“Will”, Hannibal said to him in a scolding and warning tone. “Don’t.”

Yet this naughty behavior meant that Will was immersed in his role as Little right now and was not going back to his traumatic memories. This was major progress.

Will snatched his octopus and dived it into the water before leading it back to the surface again. With the other, he grabbed the small whale toy, let it jump through the foamy water, diving it up and down, until it collided with the octopus and the boat floating along the edge of the tub.

“Look, Daddy!”

Hannibal glimpsed at the octopus and the whale attacking the boat, then smiled. He watched him for a little while, swimming, diving and playing with his toys until he looked at the time on his watch. It was getting late already and he needed to hurry if he wanted to make the nuggets and the fries.

“Very nice, Will. But I’m going to wash your hair now.”

He put off his jacket and hung it up on the rack to the door, then rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He fetched Will’s favorite shampoo. It smelled of apple. The fragrance was very artificial though. Hannibal only allowed it in little space.

Will stopped playing with his toys when he noticed Hannibal coming closer with the shampoo bottle until he stood behind him.

“But Daddy. I just got in!”

“Yes, my love, but I still need to make dinner and it’s getting late.

Hannibal put a bit of the atrocious shampoo with apple flavor on his hands and reached out his hands to massage it into the unruly curls of his Little. He should have been a little more attentive, though while standing on the little stair on the floor to get better access to Will’s head.

Sensing the perfect opportunity, Will turned around very fast with a very broad grin gracing his lips. He grabbed Hannibal by his collar and pulled him down into the bathtub, taking advantage of Hannibal’s rather unbalanced position. His Daddy swayed, dropped the shampoo bottle into the water and landed with a big splash in the tub heels overhead in the tub. As he was a trained swimmer, he reacted just in time and tensed his body. A lot of the water splashed to the sides and flooded the marble floor. Hannibal’s clothes were completely drenched and full of glitter. His hair was full of the bluish-green foam, too. It clung to his head. Some bangs hung in front of his eyes.

Will giggled at the sight of his Daddy coughing out water and looking all disheveled and like a drowned rat. His maroon eyes were fixed at Will in annoyance and gleaming dangerously.

“Now we can finally have a bath together”, Will giggled, clapping his hands together in glee, being very pleased with himself and his naughty action.

Hannibal shot another meaningful look at him, clenched his hands into fists but swallowed the words fighting their way up. Instead, he shook his head and let out a resigned sigh and unfolded his hands. Usually, this kind of behavior would demand punishment like spanking or him standing in the corner but not today. Seeing Will being out of his state of shock and distracted as Little took the weight from his shoulders.

Dinner could wait. If Will got hungry now he’d have to blame himself and wait, even if his stomach would growl. Besides, a warm bath wouldn’t be so bad after all.

Hannibal removed his ruined slacks, the shirt until he only wore his black and equally soaked panties which would serve as swimming trunks. He threw the heap of his clothes down to the flooded floor next to the bathtub. They had to go into laundry anyway. Noticing there was not much water left, he opened the faucet once more to add some.

Will eyed him with astonishment when Hannibal then finally laid back against the edge, rubbed away the foam and glitter from his face, and groaned in satisfaction, feeling the relaxing effect of the hot water on his limbs. Will had expected punishment, an abrupt ending of the current bath, a spanking and scolding, but not that.

He smirked at Will who swam from the other side of the tub to him and snuggled up to his broad chest, his head resting on Hannibal’s shoulders. He pulled the remaining foam closer to them until it resembled a sheltering blanket.

“You were right, my love. A bath is actually quite nice”, Hannibal admitted. “Now that I’m here I like it a lot.”

Will smirked and gave him a quick timid kiss on his prominent cheekbone.

“I knew you would, Daddy.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Long time no read! I've been working on this chapter for weeks. It's finally done. Not the best chapter and writing but I enjoyed writing it nonetheless and hope it provides some comfort.
>
> Not beta read. Mistakes are all mine!

An hour must have passed by since Hannibal had decided to join Will after being pulled into the water by his cheeky Little. The sparkling foam floating on the surface had diminished and all that was left was the blue-greenish water. Looking down at his hands, Hannibal noticed his skin on his hands was already wrinkled from the long stay in the bathtub.

This was a sign to finish the bath with washing Will's and his hair, then take care of the mess on the floor and prepare dinner. Will had fallen asleep, cuddled up to his chest, his head resting on his shoulder. Hannibal gently patted his head and sifted his hand through his curls. Will had dark bags under his eyes and his face was pale. His partner was at his mental and physical limits.

Hannibal's anger at Jack Crawford returned. If he could, he would kill him. His abuse of Will was going too far. If Will was back in Adult Space again and ready to deal with adult life, he needed to convince him to retire and go for another job or take a long sabbatical. Yet there was still the problem Will didn't know he was the partner of the Ripper. His stomach clenched at the thought of Will being scared when discovering his secret in Little Space.

He sighed softly. If Will asked him to, he would stop killing people. He would do anything to keep Will at his side because he had never loved anyone else since Mischa died. His heart sank at the thought of Will leaving and him rotting in prison without the chance of ever seeing his beloved again. Hannibal bit on his lip while trying to figure out how to avoid Will being distrustful and abandoning him.

A jolt and splash of water tore Hannibal out of his thoughts and made him shift his gaze from the waterproof watch on his wrist to his Little again. Will's body twitched and jerked. He tore his eyes open and let out frantic gasps.Will's gaze flickered across the room for a minute in panic before he calmed down again as he was being held tightly by Hannibal who gave his best to soothe him.

"Darling, it's alright. You're in the bathtub here at our home in Baltimore. It's 7:30 PM", Hannibal spoke in his gentle voice and held Will's hand.

"You're safe. You are here with me."

Will nodded and murmured something under his breath, clinging tighter to Hannibal's chest. Hannibal noticed his mindset was halfway floating between Adult and Little Space.

Hannibal decided to appeal to Little Will instead of tearing him completely out of his Little Space. "Honey", he cooed, "are you ready for chickie nuggies now?"

Will lifted his head and gazed at Hannibal like a doe would do, with widened, curious eyes. His stomach gave out a loud rumble. His cheeks turned pink and Will looked away. Hannibal chuckled.

"Ohh, yes, Daddy", Will responded in his Little space voice. "I'm hangwy."

"Then let me wash hair now and get you dressed in your favorite pajama. While I cook you can play with Mr. and Mrs.Bear a little. How does that sound?"

Will looked at Hannibal with a disapproving pout on his lips.

"I want dinner now", Will complained sullenly. "Don't want you to wash my hair."

He slid away from Hannibal to the top right corner of the tub and crossed his arms over his chest. Hannibal sighed, a little tired of Will's stubborn behavior and getting the way he wanted. "Honey, it doesn't last long, only ten minutes and then I'll make dinner. Be reasonable."

"No!" Will replied and hit the water with his fist again. "I want nuggies now! No hair washing!"

Hannibal's jaw tensed as his Little threw a tantrum. At some point, enough was enough. Despite being glad Will was okay again, it had taken him a great deal of energy to get him there. He needed some rest as well after the tedious work with his patients and research for his article and shopping.But he wouldn't let his anger on him.

In fact, he had another idea as he realized he didn't have any chicken breasts in his fridge anymore. Only some filets carved from a particularly chatty and rude pig. Disgusting as the alternative was, as the nuggets of the fast-food franchise were of dubious quality, he didn't exactly want to feed him human meat That would upset his boy later. Maybe in the future when Will was more stable and he could venture into new territory.

"You get your nuggies, fries, and a happy meal from McDonald's if you're a good boy now. Is that a compromise?"

Will cocked his head and contemplated his options, blinking in confusion. He opened his mouth to speak.

"But Daddy", he said, his eyes widened in wonder and confusion."You wanted to make your own chickie nuggies!"

"Yes, but as I said, my boy, that's going to take a little while and you seem to be rather impatient."

Will exhaled sharply and hunched his shoulders. Adult Will returned, Hannibal obeyed, for the innocent features disappeared on his face and made space for anxiety and tension instead. He rubbed his eyes with his hands and squinted.

“No, Hannibal, honestly, it’s fine. Sorry, my Little one just threw a tantrum. Just wash my hair and get done with it. I’m tired. I don’t want to go to McDonald’s.

Hannibal nodded. “As you wish.”

Then he would have to feed him human meat, but so be it. He couldn’t change it.

He walked towards the stairs of the bathtub and climbed out of it then. Hannibal grabbed his large, white towel, rubbed his body dry then put on a red nightgown he had fetched from a drawer as his own clothes were wet and soaked with foam. Afterward, Hannibal returned to the spot where he had dropped the shampoo, picked up from the wet floor, and approached Will again.

“Lean against the edge of the tub and put your head back, Darling. Close your eyes if you want to.”

Will did as he was told and tried to slip back into Little Space while Hannibal gently shampooed his hair and massaged the scalp of his head with gentle movements, eliciting pleasing sounds from Will who clearly enjoyed it.

“You were right, Daddy”, Little Will spoke again.“It feels good.”

Hannibal chuckled. “I often am. Daddy knows what’s good for you.”

He rinsed his hair a second time then added a little conditioner into his curls which also smelled of apple and repeated it.

“Now I need to clean you up. Can you get up, please?” Will nodded and carefully got up. Will blushed as Hannibal thoroughly cleaned his cock and his butt with gentle, careful scrubs.

“Oh, look, what my wee-wee is doing !” Will snickered when his cock filled out at Hannibal’s gentle touch.

Hannibal smiled but decided to not act on it and continued what he was doing until he was finished his task of getting Will clean.

“It’s finished. You may come out now, Darling.”

Will obeyed and Hannibal held out his hand when he noticed he was nearly slipping on the floor of the bathtub when the water ran into the drain until only the leftovers of the foam lingered there.

“Good boy”, Hannibal praised him.

He wrapped Will into one of his favorite towels - a blue and fluffy one with Pugsheen the Dog on it. Using the towel, Hannibal gently rubbed Will clean from head to toe.

“You don’t like my wee-wee like that?” Will asked one confusion, his lips pulled into a little, cute pout.

Hannibal expected Will to switch into Adult Space but he didn’t.

“I do like every part of you, my boy ”, Hannibal remarked, looking up from the ground while lifting one of Will’s feet to clean the arches, then took another towel to clean his toes. He bent down to kiss his feet.

Feeling Will’s unease and bemused gaze on him, Hannibal sighed. “We haven’t talked about the sexual aspect so I decided to not react to it. I If you give me consent, we will write it down in our rulebook and explore sexual ageplay together. ” Hannibal scrutinized Will, waiting for consent or another comment.

“You do have a point”, Will finally complied, knitting his eyebrows. “Well...I guess it would be too much for today anyway. I just..just wanted…”

He swallowed and avoided eye contact with Hannibal.

“Yes, Will?” Hannibal asked him. “What do you want?”

“To be safe…..hugged. And...feel loved.”

Hannibal pulled him into an embrace and held him tightly to his chest. Will nuzzled into his strong chest again and breathed in the fresh scent of the bath bombs on Hannibal’s skin. “I love you so much, Will”, Hannibal purred and buried his nose in his curls while rocking him.

“We have all the time to explore sexual age play together. I am not going anywhere.”

Hannibal and he lingered in this position for a while until Hannibal looked to the watch again. It was past 8 pm already. Soon it would be past bedtime for Will. He was not so sure if watching a movie afterward would be such a clever idea.

“Do you want to wear a diaper or not, Will?”

“Yes...I want one.”

Hannibal then walked to the drawer and fetched two reusable diapers. The first one was blue and had yellow stars and purple dinosaurs on it. The other was pink and was embellished with dogs and cats. He held them out to Will.

“I want the pink one!”

Hannibal put the blue one back into the drawer and unfolded the pink diaper instead. He turned his gaze to Will again who stood there waiting and watching him, being impatient.

“Do you want to be a big boy or you want to lie down?”

Will bit on his bottom lip and gazed at his fingers which were clasped together and didn't answer for a second.

"Don't wanna be a big boy today" Will admitted, his face growing hot.

The floor was wet, so Hannibal didn't want to make Will lie down on his back. Luckily he had installed a foldable large diaper changing table to the wall, just for Will.

Hannibal folded down the table, put a fresh clean towel on it, helped Will climb on it and lie down.

He pulled Will's legs closer to him. From the white drawer beneath the foldable table, he fetched a glass bottle with baby powder.

"Honey, I need you to turn around for a moment."

With his help, Will turned his body around on the table, exposing his ass. Hannibal put on some powder on the smooth skin of his ass, then put on the diaper. Will giggled as Hannibal unintentionally tickled him between the thighs, making him squirm a little.

After drying Will and wrapping him in diapers, Hannibal's critical gaze observed the mess on the floor - his wet clothes and the puddle of water definitely needed to be taken care of as well. But dinner was now his first priority. He would clean it when Will was in bed even if he hated leaving the mess as it was.

He held out his hand to Will who grabbed it instantly. Together they walked out of the bathroom. Hannibal flicked off the light and shut the door behind them

"Now come with me. I'll let you choose your favorite boxers and pajama. Then I'll let you play with Mr. Bear and draw a little while."

Will's eyes glowed up. "Can Mr. and Mrs. Bear and I have a teeny- weeny tea party? With their own sizzy?"

Hannibal smiled back at his little. "Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Bear will get their own sizzy and plate."

He opened the door to Will's playroom. The walls were held in pastel blue. The wall showed some white clouds and rainbows and a striking,smiling yellow sun as well. Next to Will's bed, there were boats and yachts crossing the ocean on the lower part of the wall On the opposite side, airplanes were depicted flying high across a vast field with sunflowers and grass. Some people looked at the airplane and pointed their fingers at them to draw the attention of the little ones.

Hannibal approached the mahogany wardrobe, opened it, and fetched out two pajamas and matching boxers. One was the olive green pajama with Baby Yoda at the front, the other was the bright red one with Captain America and Iron Man in the middle.

He turned around and laid them out on the bed. "Be a good boy and choose your pajamas, your toys, or your color books. Then get dressed and join me downstairs." He kisses his

forehead again. “Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, Daddy”, Will replied.

“Good. But don’t stay upstairs. I am going to check on you if you don’t.”

Will nodded again to show him he had understood.

With these words and one last kiss, Hannibal went back into his bedroom to put on some comfy clothes - jeans and a red jumper. He also changed his decision and instead wiped up the water in the bathroom. Knowing Will would come out any second out of his room, he hurried. He put Will’s and his own clothes into the laundry basket, then finally walked downstairs into his pantry.

Hannibal knew he had to hurry because Will would be down any minute and he didn’t want Will to follow him down into his pantry. That would be incredibly awkward. So Hannibal hastened down into the cellar, grabbing his keys and unlocking the door to his basement. He opened his fridge and had a thorough look.

As expected no chicken breasts were there anymore. Only some lamb chops, next to harvested organs of his latest victims and some tender, lean pieces carved out of a thigh, shoulder and the hip. They could serve as substitute even though the meat wasn’t perfectly suitable. Yet Will wouldn’t know the difference anyway. His taste wasn’t as refined as his.

A pang of guilt seized him but he suppressed it. Hannibal took in a deep breath. Well, this couldn’t be helped right now. For grocery shopping, he didn’t have the time and McDonald's was now definitely out of the question.

Hannibal took out the vacuumed filets and closed the door of the stainless freezer. He flinched as he heard steps behind him and his heartbeat a lot faster - that hadn’t happened in a long time.

“Daddy?” Will called from above. “Where are you?”His voice indicated he was approaching his hidden basement with swift steps although he shouldn’t even run.

Hannibal hid the vacuumed meat behind his back and quickly hurried out of the room just to nearly bump into Will who held his plushies Mr. Bear and Mrs. Bear in his arms.

“Will, I told you to wait in the living room.”

“C-couldn't”, Will said, his lips trembling and burying his head into his chest. “You were gone so long..I got scared..”

While holding Will again, Hannibal hoped he wouldn’t discover the meat and recognize its true nature. His grip tightened around it and he pressed it against his back.

“Come on, honey. Let’s go upstairs again, away from this dark scary place. I will make some tea for you and your friend.”

They lingered there in the corridor to the cellar. Hannibal didn't move as he had the package of meat pressed against his back and his breath came out hitched. Will scrutinized him in bemusement.

"After you", Hannibal smiled and nudged him forward towards the staircase.

Arriving upstairs, he quickly shut the basement door which locked automatically. Then Hannibal led Will towards the large table in the dining room area with the indigo stucco walls. His color books and crayons were already spread out there.

"Will be back in a minute", Hannibal promised to his Little.

Will narrowed his eyes. "Pinky promise?"

"Pinky promise."

"Why don't you talk to Mr. and Mrs. Bear in the meantime, hm? They have missed you a lot, darling. I'm sure they have lots to tell you."

Will placed Mr. Bear and Mrs. Bear on the table facing each other. Mr. Bear was a brown teddy bear wearing a red shirt with a dog on it and slacks, whereas Mrs. Bear was a white one and wearing a matching red tutu shirt and white spaghetti top.

"I know", Will told Mr. and Mrs. Bear and stroked their stomach. "I am hangry, too. But Daddy is making us something delicious…"

In the meantime, Hannibal disappeared into the kitchen. He stored the meat in the fridge, brewed up some tea for his Little and cut up an apple into tiny slices. He walked back to Will with the Little Bear tea set - white tea kettle with a bear and hearts on it and the plate with the apple slices.

He smiled when listening to Will conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Bear and showed them the drawings he had made earlier.

"Look", Will told them with a giggle. "I drew them all for Daddy. What do you say? Like it?"

Hannibal quietly approached the table and placed the tray with the kettle and the mugs on it on the table. He poured Will, Mr. and Mrs. Bear a cup of steaming green tea and placed the small plates with apple slices and one of his self-made biscuits each in front of them.

"Look", Will said with widened eyes to Mr. Bear and Mrs. Bear. "Daddy made us some tea and cookies." He beamed up at Daddy, "Thank you!"

Hannibal smiled. "Anything for you, darling."

Will snatched one of the biscuits and ate it greedily. Crumbles fell down on the table. He neglected the apple though. Hannibal pursed his lips but decided to go back to work.

"I'm in the kitchen if you need me."

Will gave him a short sign with his head. He dedicated the time being by talking to his companions and coloring new pictures. He also colored Mrs. Bear's spaghetti top and painted a heart on it, even though his Daddy would scold him for making it dirty again.

Hannibal worked fast in the kitchen as he knew that Will couldn't hold still all the time. He quickly cut the meat into hearts and stars - skilled as he was -, whipped up eggs and placed flour and bread crumbs into separate bowls. He also set up the water to steam some veggies. In all the hustle, he forgot what he could cook for himself. Shrugging, he continued his work. He would eat when Will was in bed and hopefully sleeping well.

After a while, he returned from the kitchen and brought him the plate with the "chicken" nuggets along with some self-made oven-baked, crispy fries and a side of ketchup and the veggies. Even though he was little he got an adult portion because Hannibal knew Will hadn't eaten a lot during the day and had to wait a long time. He placed the plate in front of him and cutlery beside it. Then he pushed a chair next to Will. For himself he had only a glass of wine.

"Alright then", Hannibal told Will who was still trying to feed Mr. Bear the biscuit. "It's dinner time. Time to clean up the table. Will you be a good boy and help me?

Will put the cookie down and looked up at Hannibal, his face filling with anxiety.

"But why can't Mr. and Mrs. Bear stay?"

"They can stay but you have to put your crayons, color books back into the drawer you have fetched it from."

Hannibal ruffled through his curls as he said that.

"Okay, Daddy."

Will took his color books and crayons into his hands and hurried out of the dining room.

"Oh, and Will-", Hannibal called.

His Little halted at the door and hurled a baffled look at him.

"Don't run. I will know if you do."

Will gave him a short nod, then made his way to his room to put the books and crayons into the box he had fetched them from.

He made his way back, halfway forgetting they were not allowed to. Will halted in the middle of the staircase, then continued his walk with controlled, slow and quiet steps into the dining room area.

"Sorry, Daddy", Will apologized, as he approached his chair. "I-I forgot that I shouldn't run."

"At least you remembered", Hannibal remarked and kissed his cheek.

“Now, dinner time.”

Will nodded and looked down at the golden, crispy heart and star-shaped nuggets, the fries and the side of veggies - a mixture of steamed broccoli, fennel, some sautéed carrots and peas.

“Looks good, Daddy”, he complimented him.

When he wanted to grab one of the nuggets, Hannibal interrupted him.

“What did Daddy teach you?”

His Little blushed and grabbed the cutlery to cut the nuggets into tiny pieces. Usually, it was no big deal, but in Little Space, Will struggled and was clumsy.

Hannibal placed his hand on his wrists, making Will stop in his attempts to cut the meat.

“Let me help you.”

Will nodded and Hannibal cut his nuggets into smaller bites. He speared one of the crispy nuggets and led the fork to his mouth.

“Open up, darling”, he commanded and Will complied.

He fed him piece by piece. Hannibal loved feeding him on every occasion. It delighted him a lot to see Will’s adam apple bob when he swallowed down the chewed bites of his cooked dishes.

The thing Will struggled with most was eating vegetables or salad, no matter how hard he tried to make it tastier or more appealing for his Little one.

When Hannibal put the broccoli along on his fork, Will grimaced and didn’t open up his mouth to eat.

”I don’t want it. It's stinky and disgusting!”

“I know, it is not your favorite but you have to get in the vitamins, darling boy”, he purred.

He still didn’t open up his mouth and shook his head.

Hannibal had finally reached the limit of his patience. There was only so much he could bear. Usually, he would snap the neck of his victims at this point.

“If you don’t eat your veggies, we won’t watch your favorite movie and you go straight to bed.”

Will stomped his feet on the ground and the table shook when he accidentally hit the leg of the table. “Fine, then! "He snapped. “I go to bed.”

Will rose from the chair, grabbed Mr. and Mrs. Bear, left the dining room, and ran towards the stairs.

Hannibal clenched his hands into fists. They were shaking in anger and frustration.

“William!”

The angry shout echoed in the room. But Will had already disappeared, feigning not to have heard it. Upstairs, the door to his bedroom fell shut with a loud bang.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will apologises to his Daddy. Hannibal accepts but he promises there will be a punishment at some point. Later he reads him a story and puts him to bed.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is completely unedited , as I wanted to update quickly. Apologies for grammar and spelling mistakes

Upstairs, Will slammed the door shut, not caring if he got scolded by his Daddy the next morning. He walked to his Little bed with the Baby Yoda bed sheets and various stuff toys, dogs, cats, and Mr. and Mrs. Bear sprawled in the bed. He grabbed them and his paci and laid down into the soft bed. Will buried his face into the matching pillow with Baby Yoda. How could his Daddy feed him so disgusting vegetables? He had only wanted chickie nuggets and fries and not stinky food.

Adult Will felt slightly guilty, though, making him toss and turn in the bed as he tried to fall asleep in Little Space and not delve back into the place he didn't want to revisit anymore. Suckling at his paci and clutching his brown doggie did nothing to pull him back into his Little mindset. Nor did the presence of Winston at the end of the bed and his comforting licking change anything.

Will returned to the place he should escape from when he closed his eyes. Now he was lying tied up in the saturnine basement, watching the gruesome scene from the perspective of a victim. The girl, he had identified on the crime scene, Sarah Summer screamed in her high pitched voice again. The man hiding his face behind a mask wielded the saw and it roared. Closing his eyes in that dream didn't help. Blood gushed out of the arms of the girl as the arm was dismembered and filled the ground. Will thrashed and tried to move his body in the thick red juice as the leveled blood rose steadily. Will couldn't do anything when the man with the mask approached him. He was drowning in blood again...he didn't get any air…

The paci dropped out of Will's mouth as he woke up and yelled. "NO", Will screamed. He bolted upright in bed, panting and trembling heavily, pajama soaked with sweat. Winston jumped and gnarled, let out a whine at the loud scream leaving his mouth. Downstairs, something dropped to the floor - sounding like a glass, accompanied by Hannibal's voice who cursed.

“Hannibal”, Will called in a whiny voice. “Help me!.”

He tried it again, a little louder this time.

“Help me!”

Will hoped Hannibal would listen and come into the room, flick the light on and comfort him but nothing happened. He was still downstairs and cleaning up the mess probably. No, he was alone in the room. Hannibal had enough of him or didn’t hear him.

He had to be a big boy and be strong on his own for now.

Shuddering, Will closed his eyes to t apply the grounding technique they had applied just some hours ago.He inhaled the earthy scent of Winston’s paws and felt his fluffy fur under his hands as he petted his hand absentmindedly. Clutching the duvet, he took in the fresh scent of detergent of the freshly laundered bedsheets. He was in Baltimore and his name was Will Graham. Sitting up against the wall, he focused on his breathing next.

Inhaling. Exhaling. Inhaling. Exhaling.

Just like that.

It got better. His vision cleared and he felt calmer. Soothed and grounded.

Will decided it was time to ask Hannibal for forgiveness - again- and also if he could sleep with him. Big and Little Will were scared of the monsters. Besides, he needed to ask him something. He needed to ask him what was wrong in the basement and why Hannibal reacted that way.

“Wish me luck”, Will told Winston, planted a kiss on his head, and got up, making war downstairs.

He looked into the living room first. No Hannibal. He wasn’t in the study either - the harpsichord was abandoned. There was only one room where Hannibal could be. The kitchen or the dining room. As quietly as possible, Will sneaked into the dining room. Hannibal sat at the table, eating a steak with some vegetables and some kind of sauce. He didn’t look up but his stiffened posture betrayed he knew Will was there. Will stood timidly at the threshold, unsure if he should go to bed again as Hannibal didn’t stir.

“Will”, Hannibal said without looking up, taking another mouthful. “Why are you here?” He was calm but it was clear this calmness contained distance and disappointment.

Will swallowed harshly. “I wanted to apologize..“

“Is this apology coming from Adult Will or Little Will?“

“Both.“

Hannibal swallowed down the piece of the steak, placed his cutlery down on his plate, then looked at Will for the first time since he stood there at the threshold.

“Sit down.”

Will obeyed and came closer. He pulled the chair back from the table then sat down. Looking into Hannibal’s face, Will noticed the bags under his eyes despite the impeccable care of his face.

Time stretched on and only the clock ticking and the faint noise of the streets outdoors was audible in the agonizing silence.

“Well?” Hannibal asked.

“I know I have already apologized this evening”, Will began. “But I really noticed I have overstepped my bounds when I slipped into my Little Will persona. If you want to punish me, you have every right to do so.”

Will’s lips trembled a little when he uttered these words. Hannibal let his eyes flicker over his face, then leaned back, heaving a tired sigh.

“A punishment is going to be inevitable, but not today.” He paused, his voice growing softer. “But I’m going to punish you once you’re in a better state of mind.”

Will blushed slightly and nodded.

“I will stick to the punishment in our rule books though and respect your hard limits. Your soft limits, however, can be put to a test if you continue provoking me so much.”

Will bit on his bottom lip and cocked his head, considering his options. He was curious about what Hannibal would do and which punishment he would choose. Spanking with the paddle? His heart beat faster. That they hadn’t tried so far.

“Do you understand?” Hannibal inquired in his fatherly, yet strict voice, maroon eyes turning serious.

Will bobbed his head quickly.

“And tomorrow we should talk about your future plans. You can’t stay in the FBI anymore. Not in this condition.”

Noticing Will’s eyes darkening and him withdrawing from the conversation, Hannibal rose from the chair, moved smoothly and quickly through the room, and hugged his love from behind, pressing Will gently against him. He pressed his nose into his curls.

“Yeah”, Will finally sighed. “But...the case. I need to finish.”

“Hmmm. I'd rather suggest if you let someone else finish it for you." He paused, as Will opened his mouth in protest. "Let me help you finish it at least. It’s important that you recover from the trauma, darling”, Hannibal purred against his slightly damp hair. “I don’t want to see you hurting any longer. I want to see you working in a more fitting environment. Alana was right. It’s breaking my heart to see you suffering like this.”

Will stared up at Hannibal, arching back against him, pressing his hair against his collarbone.

“Alright. But Jack won’t let me go that easily. Even when we finish up the case together.”

“I can accompany you to Jack and convince him it’s for the best. Trust me, I’m a psychiatrist and can be very convincing as well.”

“Thank you”, Will said in a muffled voice as he shifted his body on the chair and turned it so that he could bury his face into Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal kept petting his curls with his hands.

“I’d very much like that. Jack is always...yelling..and intimidating.”

“We will confront him together and file a complaint in the HR department if he doesn’t comply.”

”Can I ask you something else?” Will asked. “You were a little weird in the basement.”

Hannibal stiffened. “I was worried you would be scared by the darkness of the room”, he lied, hoping to be persuasive.

He didn’t feel good lying but now it was not a good point to confess.

“I thought it might not be good given the fact that you had been trapped in the basement in a previous case.”

Will did not entirely believe him but didn’t push the issue any further. He had a point, though. The case with Budge had haunted him.

Hannibal wrapped one curl around his finger as he loved playing with his hair, then started massaging Will’s scalp once again, imitating the calming effect it had on him before in the bathroom.

“Can I sleep in your bed tonight? I couldn’t fall asleep… nightmares”, Will murmured.

“Of course, my darling boy.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes?”

“Would you read me a story?”

Usually, Hannibal would have said no, especially after the provocative behavior of today but he wanted to have a peaceful sleep as well and keep his promises He always kept his promises and knew his responsibilities as a caretaker. You could ruin the experience in Little Space very easily if you broke their trust, by not sticking to their words and that was something he didn’t intend to happen.

“Yes, my dove. Do you want me to choose a story for you or do you have one in mind?”

Will sucked at his thumb again as he reflected on the options. “You can choose, Daddy.”

Hannibal smiled at him and pressed his lips to Will’s lips then.

“Very well.”

He had already something in his mind and would love to read the story of the enchanted stag to Will from the fairytale book of the Brothers Grimm. It was a story he hadn’t told him yet and which he found himself endearing as well.

Hannibal carried the plate and his empty glass of wine into the kitchen with Will trailing behind him, then took him by his hand and led him to his bedroom, waiting for him to fetch his pacifier and favorite stuffie, his favorite to listen to and his favorite Star Wars blanket. In the meantime, Hannibal slipped into his nightgown from earlier and pulled back the duvet on the right side of his bed.

The door opened and Will sneaked in silently.

“There you are “, Hannibal spoke to him in a cooing voice. “I see you brought your paci, Mr. and Mrs. Bear, who we have to wash tomorrow.”

Will blushed at that and stared timidly to the floor.

“Do you need anything else?

Will declined and instead crawled under the duvet, making himself comfortable.

Hannibal shut the door, lit on some candles for ambiance, put on the music box Will had brought with him and fetched the heavy book with the golden cover and the italic writing saying “Brother Grimm’s fairytales.”Then he began to read in his soothing, comforting voice.

“Once upon a time, there was a brother and a sister who loved each other dearly…”

Will listened attentively at first, asking questions again and holding his fingers in front of his eyes or needing a hug from Hannibal. But once Hannibal had finished his story, Will had fallen asleep. Hannibal doused the candles, but let the music play its enchanting melody. He settled down next to his Little and hugged him from behind before dozing off in a light slumber.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Apologies for the long break but currently writing is hard. I hope you forgive me.
> Here's something sweet and soothing :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The egg-shaped Galaxy alarm clock on the nightstand rang and began to illuminate the ceiling of the bed room with blue stars and moons. Altogether it would be a pleasant experience to wake up to, but Hannibal couldn't stand"*Baby Shark"* which Will liked a lot. Little Will didn't want to change the song either and so it was the same song every day. Hannibal opened his eyes reluctantly when he heard the "*Baby Shark do do do do..."* After waiting for a bit and letting the atrocious song play longer to ensure Will would wake up as well, he turned over in his bed with a little groan and reached over to press the button and silence the alarm clock. Soon the stars on the ceiling faded away and the agonising music and animal sounds disappeared.

Next to him, Will buried his head deeper into the soft pillow, pressed Mr and Mrs Bear tighter to him and let out a muffled, agonised groan. Hannibal smiled when seeing how Will attempted to get some more sleep and escape his duties. Stubborn boy. During the night he had only woken up once or twice and sought comfort in his arms which he had gladly given him.

He couldn't exactly blame Will for not wanting to get up. The crime scenes and the murders had damaged his mind a lot. Facing Jack Crawford to tell him that he would no longer work for him after this case wouldn't be easy. But Will had to do it. Besides, he had other responsibilities and there was no way he could avoid his lectures. "Will", Hannibal said, grabbed him by his shoulders and shook him a little, then presses a chaste kiss to his cheeks. "Dove,it's time to get up. Wakey, wakey!"

Hannibal woke him earlier than necessary so that Will did have more enough time to switch into Adult Space. He had built in a little buffer for the sake of both as his boy always preferred to stay as much as possible in Little Space. Will tilted his head over his shoulder and gaped at him with pouty lips. He was still in Little Space and intended to stay there.

"Daddy, I don't want to", he said. "Want to be little all day."

Hannibal noticed as well that Will was still very fragile and vulnerable. He recognised that in his trembling lips and the dread shown in his widened storm blue eyes. Usually, Will rose from the bed without further complaints and only some uttered groans or curses. Yet he needed to convince him to do so and therefore Hannibal compromised again, even though he

had made “chicken” nuggets and fries yesterday. Relying on comfort food all the time wasn’t one of the healthiest coping mechanisms but it seemed Little Will was incorrigible that way.

“Daddy will make delicious pancakes for you. With Nutella, if you like”, Hannibal suggested.

Will peaked up at him, suddenly interested when Hannibal mentioned the word *Nutella* . The storm in his eyes abated a little.

“Yes! ‘Tella is delicious!”

“But”, Hannibal continued. “Only if you are a good boy and get up now.”

A sigh left his mouth but Will moved at last. He sat up in bed to stretch his limbs and yawned.

“That’s my boy”, Hannibal said in a proud, encouraging tone and petted his unruly curls.

Hannibal grabbed fresh boxer shorts as well as some fresh silken panties for himself. Then he offered Will his hand and pulled him up. Together they walked to the bathroom to change the diapers. Will pressed himself from behind against Hannibal as they left the room and wrapped his arms around his waist.

In the bathroom Hannibal pulled Will’s pajama pants and his boxer shorts down and had a look at the diaper. The second diaper was clean as Will had only peed once during the night. Still,Hannibal removed the diaper and tossed it in the laundry basket ,then fetched a new one. He did this, because otherwise Will would be torn out of Little Space already if he didn’t wear any diaper. He intended to let Will breakfast while he was in Little Space.

With gentle hands he stripped Will of his Baby Yoda shirt then went into the spacious walk-in shower. Hannibal cleaned the body of Will with reverence again. He was very gentle with him. Will chuckled and jerked a little as Hannibal scrubbed the sweat away beneath his armpits and tickled him inadvertently.

“We are ticklish, hm?” Hannibal said, enjoying to see the little smile on Will’s face.

After taking care of Will and washing his air again, Hannibal cleaned himself. At last they stepped out, and Hannibal dried his and Will’s body and hair. He put on a fresh diaper on Will and a black Star Wars boxers, even though Will would get dressed properly after breakfast. Then he helped Will to get back into his pyjama again.

Having done that, they returned to the bedroom, in which Hannibal laid out the adult clothes on the bed for later - a navy blue shirt, a grey cashmere pullover and navy blue slacks. He folded everything very carefully and neatly. In the meantime, Will sat on the bed, still in his pyjamas, and held Mr. and Mrs. Bear in his arms.

“Morning. I hope you slept well”, Will said to them in his baby voice and kissed each other’s heads and nuzzled them in his arms.

Will pouted as Mr. Bear accidentally turned away in his arms.

“I’m sad, too. Not my fault.”

“Daaaddy?” Will called and looked at Hannibal who was busy getting dressed and switched into his adult clothes in the meantime, standing in front of a large mirror next to the tall wardrobe and checking his appearance with critical eyes. He flicked his gaze back to Will whilst buttoning up the salmon red shirt and tucking it into the waistband of his slacks and made sure everything was tucked in very neatly and would stay there the whole day.

“What is it, honey?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Bear want me to stay here.”

“Why don’t you tell them that you will be back tonight and that they will get pancakes for breakfast?”

Will looked from his Daddy to Mr and Mrs Bear. When he looked into the ebony eyes of his companions he sighed.

Their eyes told him “Don’t go, don’t go, don’t go.”

“Well..you’ve heard Daddy”, Will told them and shrugged. “But tonight we will have some fun together. Pinky promise.”

Hannibal had now finished adjusting his collar, his shirt and his waist coat. He checked the time on his wristwatch, then walked over to Will again.

“Dove, lets have breakfast.”

Will pressed Mr and Mrs Bear against his chest to comfort them.

“Only if they can have some pancakes, too?”

Hannibal looked at Mr and Mrs Bear.Will had decorated the clothes they wore with his crayons last night.

“I’m afraid without Nutella, darling.” He hunkered down and ruffled the brown fur of his stuffies. The stains wouldn’t get out of the clothes or the fur.

Will cocked his head and looked back at them, to hear what they were saying to him, then shifted his gaze back to Hannibal.

“They want you to promise that I’ll be back soon, Daddy.”

Hannibal bestowed them both with a loving smile and shook their tiny, furry paws to seal the promise.

“I promise he will be back earlier tonight. Pinky promise.”

“And the pancakes?”

Hannibal sighed. “And the pancakes.”

After a short break in which Will feigned to talk to his Mr and Mrs Bear, mumbling under his breath, he turned back to face Hannibal with a childlike but joyful beam on his face.

“They agree.”

Hannibal pretended as if he was utmost relieved that Will’s companions let him go. He exhaled a sharp breath and put a hand on his heart.

“I’m glad they allow you to go”, he chuckled.

Having come to an agreement with his companions, Will finally pushed himself off the bed and followed Hannibal down the spiralling stairs with Mr. and Mrs. Bear in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Will’s diet is unhealthy now lmao

And here’s the song

https://youtu.be/j8z7UjET1Is

Have fun with the catchy tune 🤣

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hannibal serves Will dog-shaped pancakes and notices his anxiety. He assures him that Will won't have to go to nasty places again.

Chapter Notes

Hello again!

My brain cooperated again. Here is a little chapter. I'll try to update more often but can't promise.

Enjoy :)

Hannibal could see that anxiety and dread overwhelmed Will, when he returned to the dining room with the dog-shaped pancake and a sippy cup filled with cocoa. A round pancake was the base for the face, two smaller, oval-shaped pancakes were placed to the left and right and depicted ears.

Blueberries served as eyes. A slice of banana rested on top of an apple slice, forming the muzzle. The dog face was surrounded by an assortment of fresh strawberries, mango and banana slices and topped with chocolate drizzle. Will sat there, his shoulders hunched, staring on the table. He quickly placed the tablet down in front of him. "Honey, look what I made you," Hannibal spoke to his Little in a soft, gentle voice. Will remained silent. "And I made you hot cocoa." His boy still didn't smile or look happy, even though his pets Mr. and Mrs.Bear rested on the table.

"Tell Daddy what bothers you," Hannibal asked, sifting his hand through Will's tousled curls.

"I..I don't want to be a Big Boy," Will sobbed. "Don't want to go to nasty places." Hannibal hunkered to his knees. "My dove, that's why we're going to make it stop today." His blue-eyes lit up. "Make it stwap?" Hannibal nodded. They needed to go to Jack's office today, it just couldn't be pushed further into the future."We will have to talk to someone, but you won't have to see nasty places anymore." He wiped away a tear that ran down Will's face. Hannibal glanced at his clock. They had to hurry if they wanted to be in Quantico on time to deal with Jack. He brushed his lips over Will's forehead. "It's all going to be okay, my pumpkin." He pressed Will to his chest to soothe him.

Some moments later, Will was calm again.He focused on breakfast, squealed when he finally perceived the pancake laid out in front of him. “It’s so pretty!” He squealed and knocked his knee against the table, making the cocoa spill on the breakfast tray. The Little was so excited that he showed them also to Mr. and Mrs. Bear and accidentally smeared chocolate on the nose of Mrs.Bear. Hannibal smiled. His stomach made a noise, but he couldn’t help it. He would have to eat some fruit later when they got dressed. Hannibal cut the pancake into pieces and speared one with a drizzle of maple syrup. “Will you be a good boy and eat?” Will nodded and opened his mouth. Hannibal fed him piece by piece of the pancakes and occasionally bits of the fruits. Luckily, his Little didn’t make a fuss just like yesterday night and ate everything up. Will then sipped from his sippy cup with hot cocoa.

“I will be right back,” Hannibal told him and headed into the kitchen to fetch a banana, apple and a slice of sourdough bread with butter and honey for himself and his orange juice.

When they had finished breakfast, Hannibal carried everything into the kitchen and into the sink. Usually he would do the cleaning right after breakfast, but time was against them. Will still sat in the dining room, playing with Mr. and Mrs. Bear again. Against all his old habits, he devoured his breakfast quickly.

“Come now, darling,” Hannibal said, offering him his hand. “We have to go now.”

“You pwomise that this will go away?” Will asked in his higher-pitched voice.

“Yes. But first we must talk.”

His Little sighed and clutched his companions, before following his Daddy.

As soon as Will noticed the clothes resting on the bed, his demeanour changed. Seeing adult clothes always brought him back to Adult Space. It was a routine that they had created together to make it work. Hannibal was already dressed. He helped Will out of his clothes and removed the diapers.

“Uhm..Hannibal,” he said, scepticism creeping into his voice as Hannibal folded his Little pajama neatly. He put on his adult boxers and slacks.“You really think that Jack could be persuaded by talking?”

Hannibal stilled and let go of the bundle. “It’s worth a try,” he said. “If we don’t let him know, he will always continue like that and push you into doing things you don’t want.”

“Jack isn’t easily swayed,” Will countered.

“I know. But mentioning the human resources department in the conversation will even bring someone as ruthless like Jack back to his senses. He can’t afford an official enquiry.”

“You’d be surprised,” Will snorted. He buttoned up his flannel shirt, before pulling the grey blazer over it and adjusted the collar. Will lingered in front of the mirror mounted to the walk-in wardrobe and sighed sadly. He could already hear Jack's booming voice inside his head. His stomach churned as imagined anger overwhelmed the neurones in his mind.

Hannibal rested his hand on Will's shoulders. "I can cancel my appointment with my client if you want me to be there as back-up."

Will shook his head and gritted his teeth." You're already doing so much for me. No, I have to go through this conversation alone."

"You can call me, should it not go well."

He turned away from the mirror and bestowed Hannibal with a sad smile. Will broke the distance between them, flung his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, sighing softly against Hannibal's lips before stealing a tender kiss from him, tasting the remainder of peppermint of the toothpaste.

"I honestly don't know what I would do without you or why do you put so much effort into a broken man like me " Will whispered. "I love you."

Hannibal froze for a moment. His heart sank as he remembered that Will still didn't know that he was the Ripper. The conversation would be a lot tougher.

"I love you, too, darling," Hannibal purred. He grabbed Will's stubbled cheeks. "And you're not broken. You are resilient and strong. It will get better, I promise." He paused. "You are my everything."

Will let out a little hollow, derisive laugh. "We will see how long you will put up with me." He let go of Hannibal. "Gonna check on the dogs before we go."

The psychiatrist nodded curtly. He finished folding his pajamas and tossed the boxers and their dirty socks into the laundry basket.He doused the light and shut the door to follow Will and do the dishes after all before starting his day at the office as well.

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